



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH

Tommy
TOMORROW



10c

MAY
NO. 168

ACTION COMICS

Featuring
THE MAN OF STEEL
in
"The MENACE
from
PLANET Z!"

OPERATION
SUPERMAN
HAS BEGUN! OUR
MAGNO-RAY IS PULLING
SUPERMAN UP TO OUR
WORLD!



SUPERMAN

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT MIGHTY SUPERMAN IS NO NATIVE OF EARTH BUT CAME HERE AS AN INFANT FROM THE DISTANT WORLD KRYPTON WHERE HE WAS BORN! BUT NOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, SUPERMAN IS DRAWN BACK INTO THE GREAT GULF OF SPACE ... NOT TO KRYPTON, WHICH PERISHED LONG AGO, BUT TO ANOTHER WORLD! AND ALL THE AWESOME POWERS OF THE MAN OF STEEL ARE NEEDED WHEN HE FACES THE ALIEN MYSTERY AND...

"The Menace of Planet Z!"



NEVER SUSPECTING THAT HE IS ABOUT TO EMBARK UPON ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF HIS CAREER, SUPERMAN COMPLETES A ROUTINE CHORE FOR THE METROPOLIS POLICE...



HERE ARE THOSE FUGITIVE BANDITS YOU WANTED!

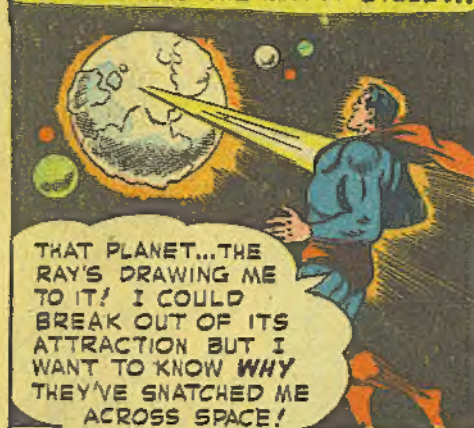
AND NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK AND BECOME CLARK KENT AGAIN!

BUT SUPERMAN IS NOT DESTINED TO RESUME HIS OTHER IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT, TIMID REPORTER! FOR A STRANGE FORCE SUDDENLY STRIKES FROM THE SKY!



WHY... WHAT... A POWERFUL RAY THAT'S DRAWING ME UPWARD AWAY FROM EARTH!

ACROSS THE GREAT GULF OF SPACE, AT INCREDIBLE SPEED, A POWERFUL FORCE DRAWS THE MAN OF STEEL...



THAT PLANET...THE RAY'S DRAWING ME TO IT! I COULD BREAK OUT OF ITS ATTRACTION BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHY THEY'VE SNATCHED ME ACROSS SPACE!

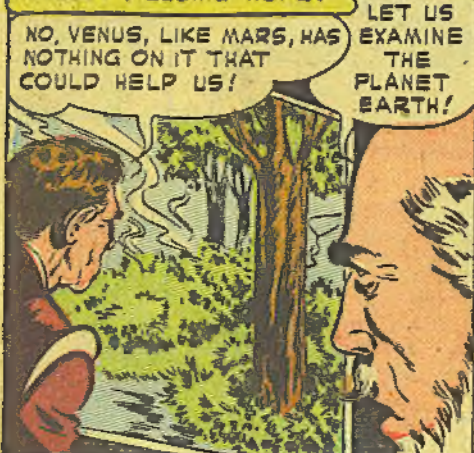
WHY? THE ANSWER TO THAT TAKES US BACK A LITTLE IN TIME, TO A TENSE CONFERENCE OF SCIENTISTS ON THIS FAR WORLD OF ZOR!



ELDERS, WE MUST STOP THE TERRIBLE MENACE WHICH THREATENS OUR PEOPLE! BUT OUR WORLD HAS SO LITTLE METAL, WE CAN'T BUILD GREAT WEAPONS OF DEFENSE!

THERE MIGHT BE HELP FOR US ON SOME OTHER PLANET! LET'S LOOK THROUGH THE TELEVIEWER!

WORLD AFTER WORLD IS VIEWED THROUGH THE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT, WITHOUT YIELDING HOPE!



NO, VENUS, LIKE MARS, HAS NOTHING ON IT THAT COULD HELP US!

LET US EXAMINE THE PLANET EARTH!

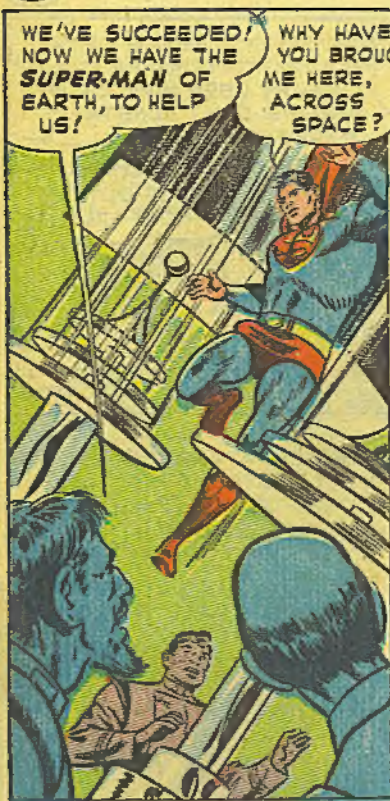
LOOKING AT DISTANT EARTH, THE ANGUISHED GROUP FINDS HOPE AT LAST!



LOOK AT THAT MAN'S POWERS... HE'S A SUPER-MAN! IF WE ONLY HAD HIM HERE TO HELP!

WE CAN DRAW HIM HERE! THE Z-RAY WILL DO IT... WE HAVE ENOUGH OF THE RARE POWER-ELEMENT TO USE IT ONCE MORE!

AND THUS THE MAN OF STEEL IS DRAWN ACROSS SPACE TO A PLANET SHADOWED BY UNEARTHLY MENACE!



NOW HARDLY A DAY GOES BY THAT ONE OF THESE HUGE ANIMALS DOESN'T RUN AMOK! AND JAMAR REFUSES TO ADMIT HE CAN NO LONGER CONTROL THESE BEASTS!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, OLAV! MY ANIMALS WERE PERFECTLY SAFE, UNTIL SOMEONE STARTED TAMPERING WITH THEM!

CAN'T YOU JUST SEND THESE ANIMALS BACK TO THEIR OWN WORLDS, WITH THE Z-RAY?

WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH OF THE ELEMENT THAT MAKES IT WORK ...JAMAR USED MOST OF IT! AND WE CAN'T CONSTRUCT WEAPONS, EITHER!

LOOK...THAT PLANE-BIRD IS OUT OF CONTROL!

REALIZING THE DANGER TO THE PASSENGERS OF THE WEIRD "PLANE", SUPERMAN DARTS SKYWARD!

QUICKLY DEPOSITING THE PASSENGERS IN SAFETY, SUPERMAN ZIPS BACK AND...

WORKING AT SUPER-SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL USES THE TREE-TRUNKS TO BUILD AN ENORMOUS CAGE...

COME ALONG, BIRDIE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A SAFE PLACE TO LAND... AND THOSE TREES ARE JUST WHAT I NEED!

THIS WILL HOLD YOU SAFELY... AND ALSO ANY OTHER ANIMALS THAT MAY RUN WILD!

HELP... WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

IT WON'T OBEY ME ANY MORE!

BETTER TAKE CARE OF THESE PASSENGERS FIRST, BEFORE THE BIRD THROWS THEM OFF!

SWIFTLY RETURNING TO THE SCIENTISTS...

YOU SEE NOW THE DANGER OUR PEOPLE ARE IN! WILL YOU HELP US, SUPER-MAN?

YES, BUT ONLY ON CONDITION YOU DON'T TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT I CAME FROM EARTH! I HAVE MY REASONS!

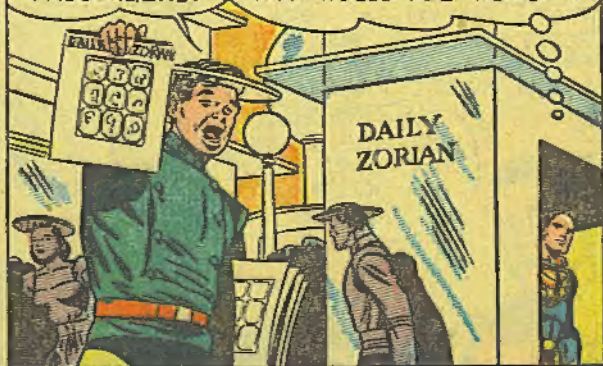
FACED WITH A STRANGE PROBLEM ON A STRANGE WORLD, THE MAN OF STEEL FORMULATES A PLAN OF ACTION!

IF SOMEONE IS DELIBERATELY MAKING THE GIANT BEASTS RUN AMOK, HE'LL BE ON HIS GUARD AGAINST SUPERMAN! TO INVESTIGATE SECRETLY, I'LL NEED ANOTHER IDENTITY SUCH AS I HAVE ON EARTH!



GET YOUR LATEST TELENEWSPAPER! ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS SUPER-MAN WHO SAVED THE PLANE-BIRD PASSENGERS!

A "NEWSPAPER" THAT'S REALLY A MOVIE NEWS-REEL! PRETTY CLEVER! AND-COME TO THINK OF IT, IT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR THE SECRET IDENTITY THAT WOULD HELP ME MOST!



A QUICK DISGUISE, AND SUPERMAN PRESENTLY ENTERS THE EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE "DAILY ZORIAN" AS A NATIVE OF THEIR WORLD!



WHAT KIND OF REPORTERS ARE YOU? I WANT AN INTERVIEW IN TIME FOR THE NEXT EDITION!

EXCUSE ME, SIR...BUT I'M KLARKASH KENTON, AND I'D LIKE A JOB!

HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE AS A REPORTER?

NOT ON YOUR PAPERS, BUT... WELL, I... ER, MANAGED TO GET AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE MYSTERIOUS SUPER-MAN!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT SUPER-MAN DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR...NONE OF US COULD EVEN FIND HIM!

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT, LURA!

YOU'RE HIRED, KENTON!



HMM! THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT NEW REPORTER AND THE EASE WITH WHICH HE GOT THAT INTERVIEW!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY

THAT REPORTER, LURA LAJOS, IS LOOKING AT ME! I'LL BET SHE'S AS SUSPICIOUS AS LOIS LANE!



LATER THAT DAY, IN HIS ROLE AS A ZORIAN CUB REPORTER, "KLARKASH KENTON" MAKES A BAD SLIP...

LOOK, KENTON! WE DON'T WRITE STORIES... WHOEVER HEARD OF THAT? THE WRIST-CAMERA FILMS EVENTS SO THEY CAN BE PRINTED AS MOVING PICTURES ON THE PLASTIC "PAPERS"!

PRETTY NEAT! BUT WHY DOES THAT LURA LAJOS GIRL KEEP WATCHING ME?



AS A REPORTER, I CAN INVESTIGATE JAMAR'S WORK-ANIMALS WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED! BUT THAT PEST LURA INSISTED ON GOING WITH ME!



THE OVERSEERS MUST WEAR THESE HYPNOTIC CONTROL-CRYSTALS, TO CONTROL THE ANIMALS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THEY'RE USED FOR WORK!



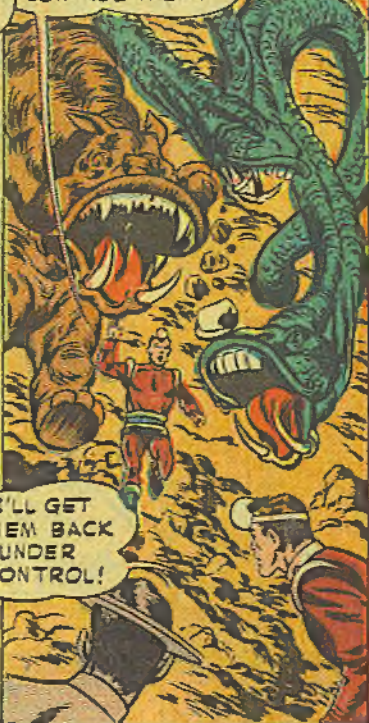
THE VENUSIAN "DIGGERS" EXCAVATE FOR A NEW BUILDING! THE JOVIAN ROPE-WORMS BORE OUT OPENINGS FOR PIPE-LINES!

IT'S REALLY INGENIOUS... AND THESE ANIMALS SEEM PERFECTLY CONTROLLED!



BUT SUDDENLY...

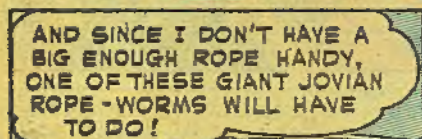
THEY'RE RUNNING WILD... I CAN'T CONTROL THEM!



WHY... WHY... I ... CAN'T CONTROL THEM EITHER!

KLARKASH, DO SOMETHING!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...





A MOMENT LATER...
CATASTROPHE!

LOOK...THE
BURDEN-
BEASTS ARE
GETTING
OUT OF
CONTROL
TOO!

HAVE TO
TIME THIS
CLOSELY, SO HE
DOESN'T GET
HURT!

BUT
IT CAN'T
BE!



I'M DOOMED! I MUST HAVE
GOT ONE OF THE FAKE CRYSTALS
BY MISTAKE!

THAT DOES
IT... AND
JUST IN
TIME!



WHOA, BOY! YOU'VE SERVED
YOUR PURPOSE...AND NOW
YOU CAN QUIET DOWN!

THE
SUPER-MAN!



BUT WHAT
WERE YOU
SCREAMING
ABOUT FAKE
CONTROL-
CRYSTALS,
OLAY?

AND SCARED INTO
ADMITTING THE
TRUTH! YOU SUB-
STITUTED USELESS
FAKE CRYSTALS FOR
JAMAR'S SO THAT THE
BEASTS WOULD GET
OUT OF HIS CONTROL!

I...I
WAS JUST
SCARED
OUT OF MY
HEAD!



DON'T LET THAT BEAST LOOSE
AT ME! I'LL CONFESS! I DID IT
TO GET JAMAR'S POSITION
SO I COULD CONTROL THE
GIANT WORK-BEASTS!
THEN I COULD MAKE MYSELF
MASTER OF ALL ZOR!

JAMAR WAS
INNOCENT!
SEND FOR
HIM!

I'D BETTER
CAGE UP ALL
THESE
CRITTERS!



SOON...

THEN I CAN
USE THE
WORK-BEASTS
AGAIN, SINCE
OLAY'S TRICK
WAS DETECTED!

NO, JAMAR, WE
DARE NOT USE
THEM AGAIN...
SOMEONE
ELSE MIGHT
TRY OLAY'S
TRICK IN THE
FUTURE!



THEN...THEN ALL OUR HOPES OF LIGHTENING OUR PEOPLES' LABORS ARE RUINED!

PERHAPS I CAN THINK UP SOMETHING! BUT RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO GO AND BECOME KLARKASH KENTON AGAIN TO TURN IN THIS STORY!

WHEN A NEW REPORTER BRINGS IN A SCOOP, IT'S NEWS ON ANY PLANET!

I GOT THE WHOLE STORY! JAMAR INNOCENT... OLAY GUILTY!

LET'S GET IT OUT RIGHT NOW!

BUT WHEN A FILMED RECORD, BY OTHER-PLANET SCIENCE, BECOMES A NEWSREEL-NEWSPAPER...

A SWELL SCOOP, "KENTON", EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T GET ANY PICTURES OF THE MYSTERIOUS SUPER-MAN IN ACTION!

YES, IT SEEMS STRANGE YOU DIDN'T!

...UNLESS "KLARKASH KENTON" HIMSELF IS THE UNKNOWN SUPER-MAN!

YOU KEEP ON THE STORY, AND COVER EVERYTHING THE SUPER-MAN DOES!

SOMETHING TELLS ME LURA IS GETTING IDEAS! I'D BETTER WRAP THIS THING UP FAST!

SWITCHING AGAIN TO HIS OWN IDENTITY, THE MAN OF STEEL DARTS UP FROM THE PLANET ZOR INTO OUTER SPACE!

THIS WILL SEND THEM HURTLING TO ZOR! AND I'VE AIMED THEM SO THEY'LL FALL IN UNUSED OPEN SPACE WHERE THEY CAN'T HIT ANYTHING!

THERE'S STILL ONE WAY IN WHICH JAMAR'S DREAM CAN COME TRUE! FIRST, I MUST FIND A BIG METEOR-SWARM!

SOON, A STUNNING SURPRISE FOR THE SCIENTISTS OF ZOR!

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO BUILD LABOR-
SAVING MACHINES... METAL!
A WHOLE MOUNTAIN
OF METEOR-METAL
THAT SHOULD SOLVE
YOUR PROBLEM!

IT WILL DO IT!
WE WON'T NEED
THE GIANT WORK-
BEASTS ANYMORE!

BUT THE GIANT BEASTS WILL
ALWAYS BE A DANGER! IF
SOMEONE TRIED TO USE
THEM FOR S'N'STER PURPOSES
THEY COULD AGAIN
TERRORIZE US!

WHY DON'T
YOU SEND THEM
BACK TO THE
WORLDS
YOU GOT THEM
FROM?

WE CAN'T! THE Z-RAY
POWER-ELEMENT IS ALL
USED UP, SO THERE'S NO
WAY TO SEND THEM BACK!

WELL, I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO
TAKE CARE OF
THAT, BY USING
SOME OF THIS
METAL TEMPORARILY!

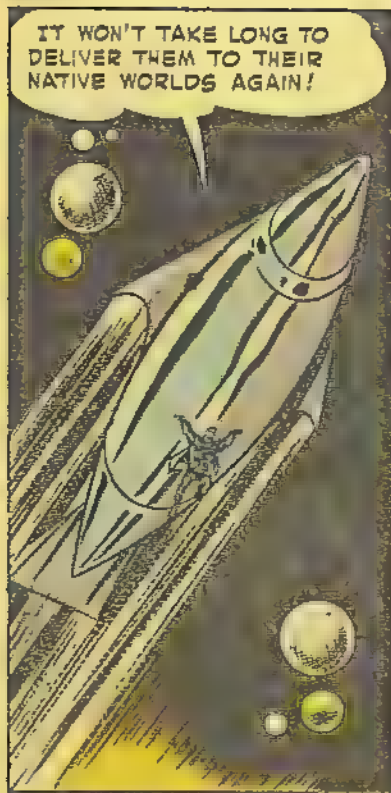
SWIFTLY SHAPING THE METAL
WITH MIGHTY HANDS AS TOOLS!..

HE'S BUILDING A
GIANT ARK... ONE
THAT WILL BE
AIR-TIGHT!

BUT IT
HAS NO
PROPULSION-
POWER!

I CAN SUPPLY THE PROPELING
POWER, ONCE I GET ALL THESE
CRITTERS ABOARD!





IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO DELIVER THEM TO THEIR NATIVE WORLDS AGAIN!

SOON, AFTER A SWIFT RETURN TO ZOR...

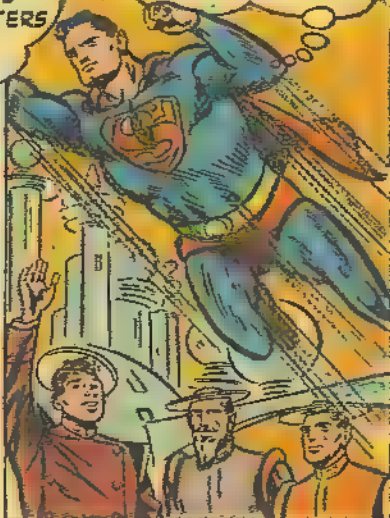
I'M GOING BACK NOW TO EARTH... BUT SINCE YOUR PEOPLE NEVER KNEW I CAME FROM EARTH, THEY'LL THINK ONE OF THEM IS SECRETLY A SUPER-MAN!

I SEE NOW YOUR REASON FOR SECRECY! THE BELIEF THAT A SUPER-MAN LIVES HERE ON ZOR WILL ALWAYS MAKE PLOTTERS OF EVIL FEARFUL!



RIGHT!

BUT HOW AM I GOING TO DROP OUT AS 'KLARKASH KENTON' WITHOUT THAT LURA GIRL GETTING MORE SUSPICIOUS? I'VE GOT TO DO IT SOMEHOW!



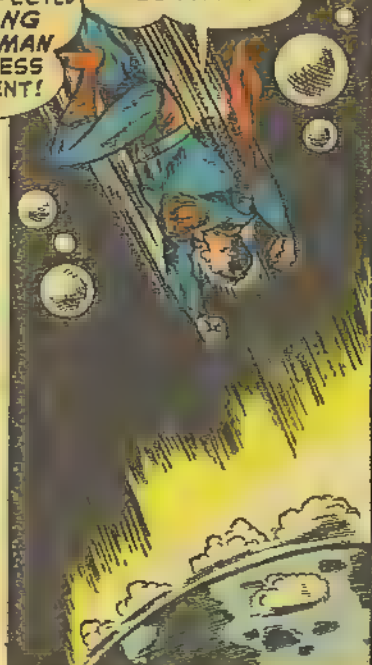
BUT 'KLARKASH KENTON' FINDS HE HAS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!

YOU MEAN YOU FAILED TO GET ANYTHING ON THE SUPER-MAN'S LATEST WONDERFUL FEATS? KENTON, YOU'RE FIRED!

AND TO THINK I EVEN SUSPECTED HIM OF BEING THE SUPER-MAN...THIS HOPELESS INCOMPETENT!



THANK GOODNESS I GOT OUT OF THAT SO EASILY, AND CAN GET BACK TO EARTH AND QUIT WORRYING ABOUT MY IDENTITY!



BUT, BACK IN METROPOLIS...

SUPERMAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? AND WHY IS IT THAT CLARK KENT WAS OUT OF TOWN AT THE SAME TIME? I JUST WONDER...

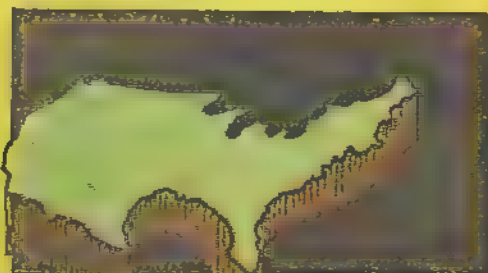


OH, NO! HERE I GO AGAIN!

THE END

QUICK QUIZ

HOW MUCH **SALT** IS THERE IN ALL THE OCEANS?



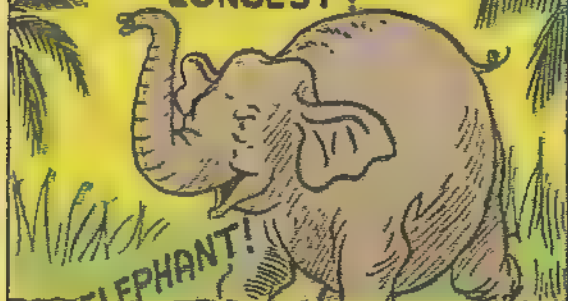
ENOUGH TO MAKE A SOLID **SALT** BLANKET OVER THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES... **TWO MILES THICK!**

IS IT A FACT....THAT A WATCH GAINS TIME AT NIGHT?



YES! THE LOWER TEMPERATURE AT NIGHT CAUSES A WATCH TO GAIN!

WHAT ANIMAL LIVES THE LONGEST?



THE ELEPHANT! SOME HAVE REACHED THE AGE OF 200 YEARS! CROCODILES FOLLOW.... 150 YEARS BEING THEIR MAXIMUM SPAN OF LIFE!

ISN'T THE FUNNYBONE A BONE?



NO! IT IS ACTUALLY A **NERVE** SITUATED AT THE ELBOW!

H.F. BLANK

ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT IS ROUND ON BOTH ENDS AND HIGH IN THE MIDDLE?



GIVE UP?
SEE BELOW*

ANSWER: OHIO

WHAT CANDY IS ROUND IN SHAPE AND HIGH IN PLEASURE?

THAT'S **Necco** WAFERS. THE ORIGINAL SUGAR-WAFER CANDY!



DOZENS 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!

Tommy TOMORROW

AMONG THE PLANETEERS WHO KEEP THE LAW OF SPACE, IT'S ACE PILOTS LIKE COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW WHO ARE MOST FAMOUS! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE-KNOWN REPAIR MECHANICS, WHO KEEP THE SHIPS FLYING? THEIR JOB IS, JUST AS IMPORTANT... AND WHEN A CRYPTIC MENACE OF THE VOID ENDANGERS THE PLANETEERS, IT'S THE "REPAIR-MONKEYS" WHOM TOMMY LEADS IN A STRUGGLE AGAINST...

The **METEOR** MYSTERY!"

ANOTHER METEOR IS HEADED FOR OUR DOCK, COLONEL TOMORROW!"

THE MEN AND SHIPS OF THE PLANETEERS ARE THE BEST IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM... BUT EVEN THEY ARE NOT IMMUNE TO THE PERILS OF SPACE!

WOW! THAT METEOR REALLY RIDDLED US!

HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT BACK TO THE REPAIR BASE!

THE REPAIR BASE... WHERE HARD-WORKING GROUND CREWMEN LABOR ENDLESSLY TO KEEP THE SPACE SHIPS ALOFT...

HOORAY! WE MADE IT!

THEY'LL SOON HAVE US FLYING AGAIN!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE REPAIR BASE TOWER, A WORRIED COMMANDER CONFERES WITH HIS ACE PLANETEER, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW...

COLONEL TOMORROW, THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS SITUATION! LATELY, EVERY TIME WE SEND A SHIP OUT ON A CHARTING SURVEY, IT GETS HIT BY A SMALL METEOR!

I KNOW, SIR...AND IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAPPEN IN ONE PARTICULAR REGION OF SPACE!



DISABLED SHIPS ARE **PILING UP** HERE... OUR REPAIR CREW CAN'T HANDLE THEM FAST ENOUGH ANYMORE! SO I'M APPOINTING YOU TEMPORARY COMMANDER OF THIS BASE, TO SEE IF YOU CAN SPEED UP OPERATIONS!

BUT, SIR... I'M A PILOT, NOT A REPAIR-TECHNICIAN! I... I... OH... VERY WELL, SIR!



THUS, THE TOP PILOT OF THE SERVICE FINDS HIMSELF ASSIGNED TO THE LOWLY "REPAIR-MONKEYS"!

MEN, IT'S UP TO US TO GET THOSE SHIPS BACK INTO SERVICE FASTER! YOU KNOW THIS JOB BETTER THAN I DO, BUT LET'S SEE IF WE CAN ALL WORK TOGETHER!



BUT "REPAIR-MONKEYS" AREN'T QUICK TO ACCEPT AN "OUTSIDER" AS THEIR BOSS...

HUH! TOMMY TOMORROW MAY BE THE GREATEST **PLANETEER** ALIVE, BUT I'VE NEVER YET SEEN A FANCY-DAN PILOT WHO COULD REPAIR A SHIP!

OUR PROCEDURE, COLONEL TOMORROW, IS FIRST TO REPAIR THE SMALL METEOR-HOLES WITH ATO-WELDERS!



...THEN CHECK AND REFIT STRAINED ROCKET-TUBES AND FUEL-LINES!

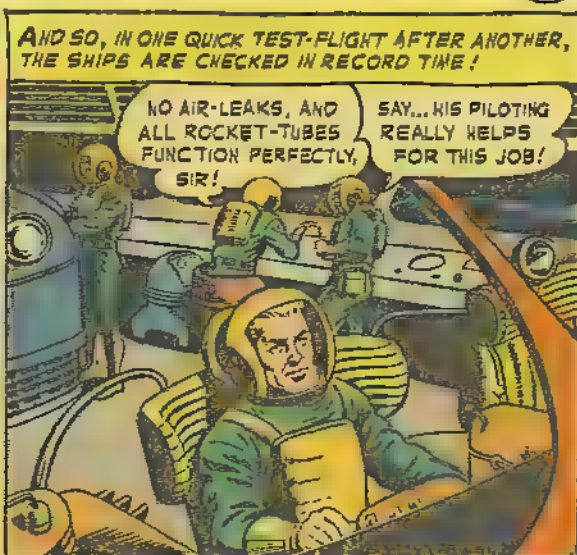
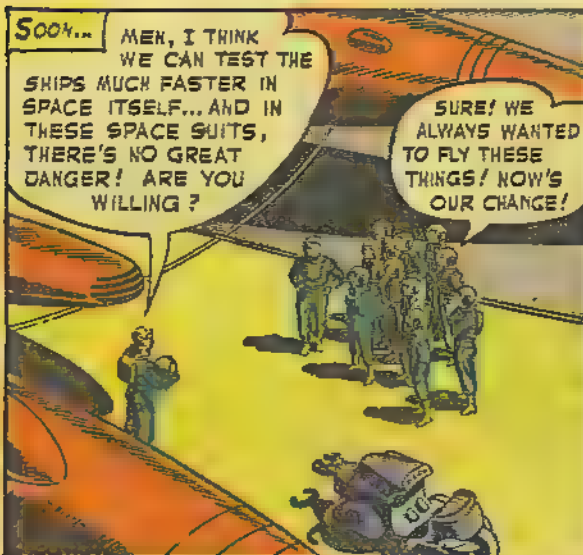
PIPE OUR NEW BOSS! HE CAN FLY PRETTY, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW A TUBE-WRENCH FROM A RIVETER!



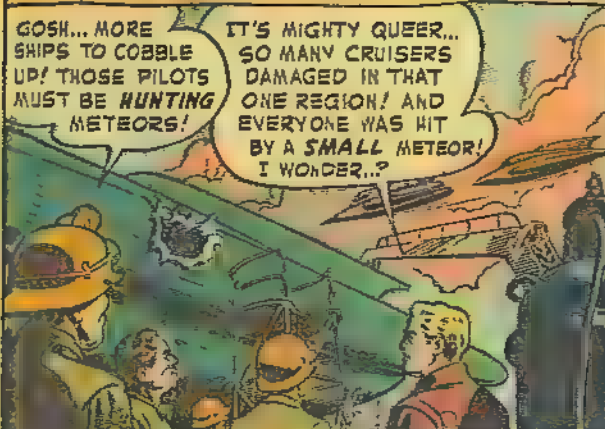
THIS DEVICE IS ONE OF OUR CHIEF BOTTLE NECKS! YOU SEE, EVERY REPAIRED SHIP MUST BE TESTED IN THIS **VACUUM TANK**, WHICH SIMULATES ACTUAL SPACE CONDITIONS! BUT IT TAKES TIME TO EXHAUST THE TANK FOR EACH SHIP!

HMM... IN THAT CASE, MAYBE WE CAN START SPEEDING UP OPERATIONS RIGHT NOW! HAVE ALL THE MEN PUT ON **SPACE SUITS** AND MEET ME ON THE FIELD IN TEN MINUTES! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

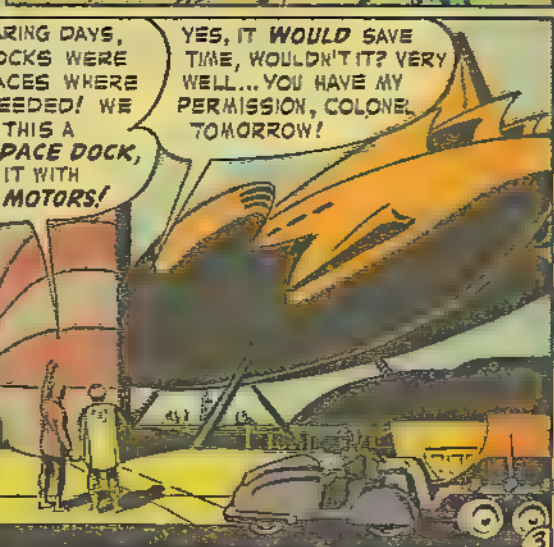
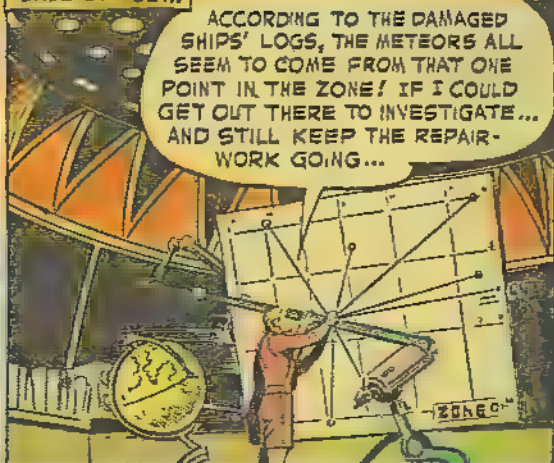




BUT THOUGH ONE BOTTLENECK HAS BEEN CONQUERED BY THE SPACE TESTS, METEOR-DAMAGED SHIPS CONTINUE TO PILE UP AT THE REPAIR BASE!



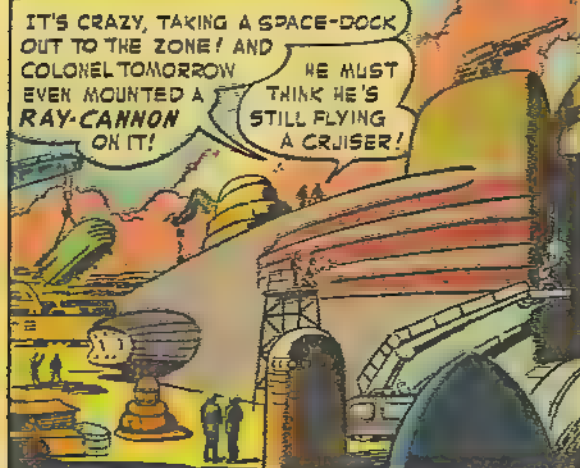
LATER, AS TOMMY STUDIES THE PROBLEM IN THE BASE OFFICE...



THUS, THE STRANGEST OF ALL SPACE CRAFT SOON PUTS PONDEROUSLY OUT FROM EARTH!

IT'S CRAZY, TAKING A SPACE-DOCK OUT TO THE ZONE! AND COLONEL TOMORROW EVEN MOUNTED A RAY-CANNON ON IT!

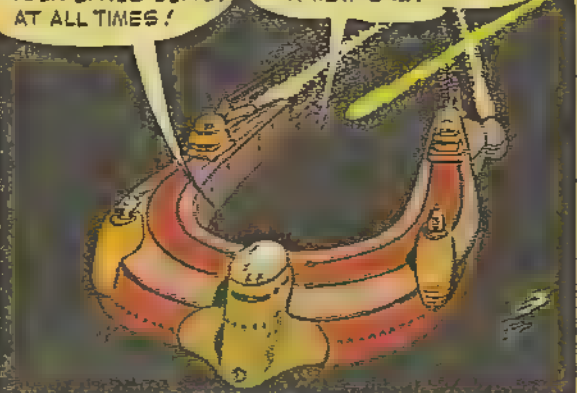
WE MUST THINK HE'S STILL FLYING A CRUISER!



OUT INTO THE DANGEROUS ZONE THAT IS STILL LARGELY UNCHARTED, THE GREAT DOCK FORGES STEADILY ONWARD...

FROM NOW ON, WEAR YOUR SPACE SUITS, AT ALL TIMES!

IMAGINE US REPAIR-MEN FLYING SPACE, TOO! THAT'S A NEW ONE!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE VOID...



A METEOR! IT'S RIDDLED ONE OF OUR ROCKET-TUBE LINES!

REPAIR IT IMMEDIATELY! WE'LL KEEP GOING ON THE OTHER ROCKETS!

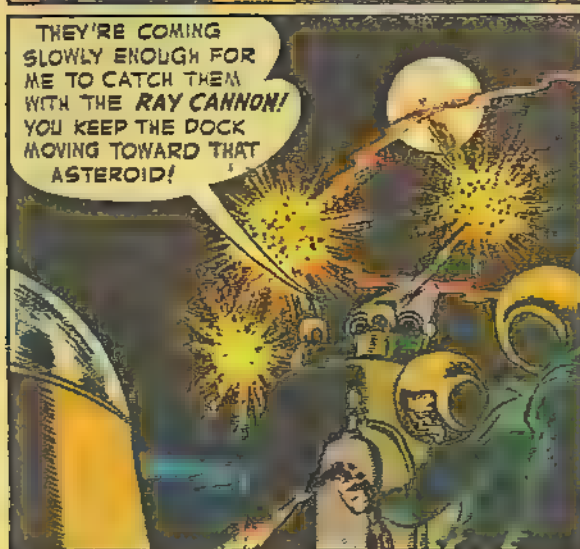
BUT AS THE MIGHTY DOCK MOVES CLOSER TO THE PLACE OF TOMMY'S SUSPICIONS...

ANOTHER LITTLE METEOR HAS STRUCK US! AND THERE COME TWO MORE!



THEY'RE ALL COMING FROM THE SAME POINT... THAT ASTEROID AHEAD! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!

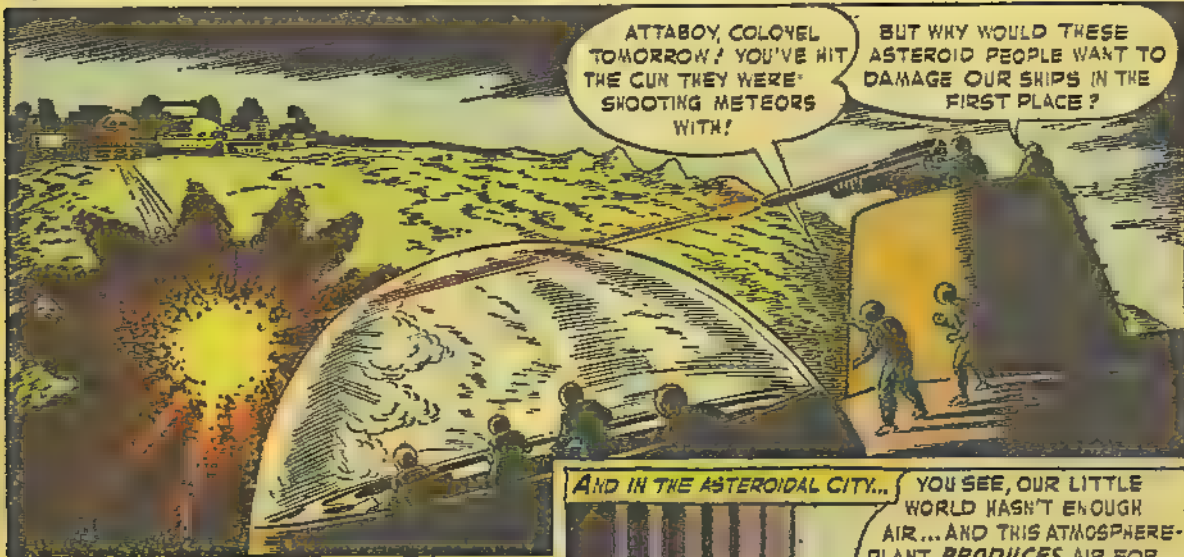
THEY'RE COMING SLOWLY ENOUGH FOR ME TO CATCH THEM WITH THE RAY CANNON! YOU KEEP THE DOCK MOVING TOWARD THAT ASTEROID!



MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK! A HUGE GUN ON THAT ASTEROID! IT'S BEING USED TO SHOOT SMALL METEORS AT US! THAT'S THE WAY ALL OUR SHIPS GOT DAMAGED... BUT I CAN STOP IT RIGHT NOW!





ATTABOY, COLOVEL TOMORROW! YOU'VE HIT THE GUN THEY WERE SHOOTING METEORS WITH!

BUT WHY WOULD THESE ASTEROID PEOPLE WANT TO DAMAGE OUR SHIPS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

TOMMY LEARNS THE ANSWER WHEN THE SPACE DOCK LANDS ON THE MYSTERY ASTEROID...

A CIVILIZED PEOPLE ON THIS UNCHARTED LITTLE ASTEROID! BUT WHY SHOULD YOU ATTACK OUR SHIPS?

WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO WARN YOUR SHIPS AWAY, LEST THEY BRING US DOOM! AND NOW, YOUR ARRIVAL HAS SENTENCED US ALL TO DEATH!



NOW, THE RADIOACTIVE INFLUENCE OF YOUR GREAT DOCK HAS SHATTERED OUR PLANT COMPLETELY! SOON, WE SHALL PERISH FROM LACK OF AIR!

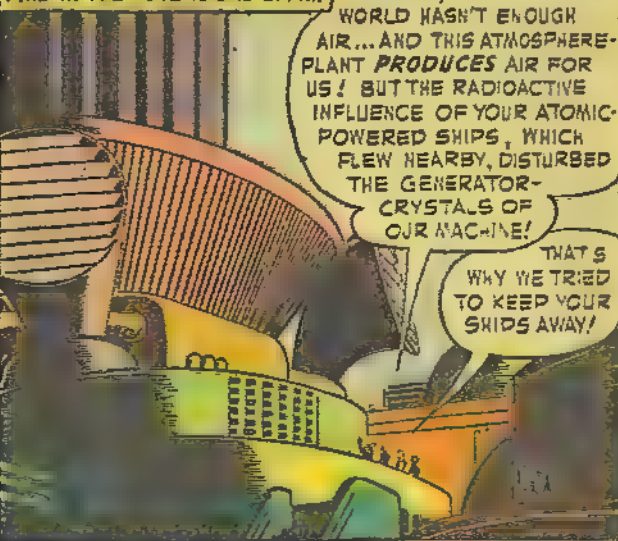
HMM... MAYBE WE COULD REPAIR IT FOR YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MEN?



AND IN THE ASTEROIDAL CITY...

YOU SEE, OUR LITTLE WORLD HASN'T ENOUGH AIR... AND THIS ATMOSPHERE-PLANT PRODUCES AIR FOR US! BUT THE RADIOACTIVE INFLUENCE OF YOUR ATOMIC-POWERED SHIPS, WHICH FLEW NEARBY, DISTURBED THE GENERATOR-CRYSTALS OF OUR MACHINE!

THAT'S WHY WE TRIED TO KEEP YOUR SHIPS AWAY!

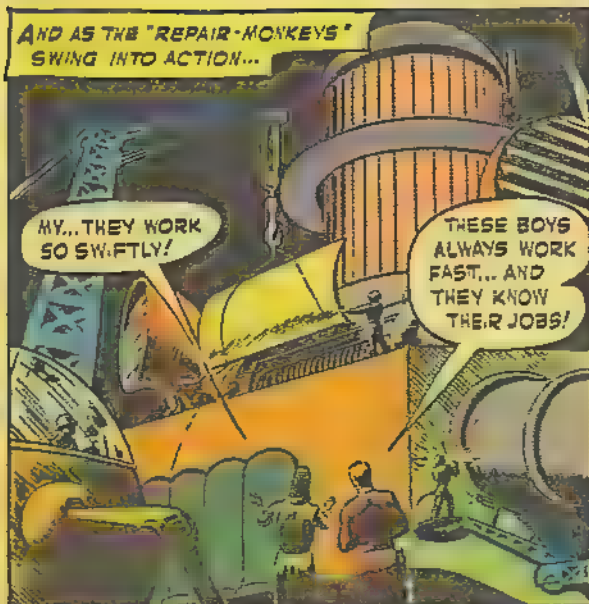


WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT FOR THEM, COLONEL TOMORROW! THIS WAS A PRIMITIVE SORT OF AIR-MACHINE... WE CAN BUILD A BIGGER AND BETTER ONE!

SURE... LET'S GET BUSY, GANG!



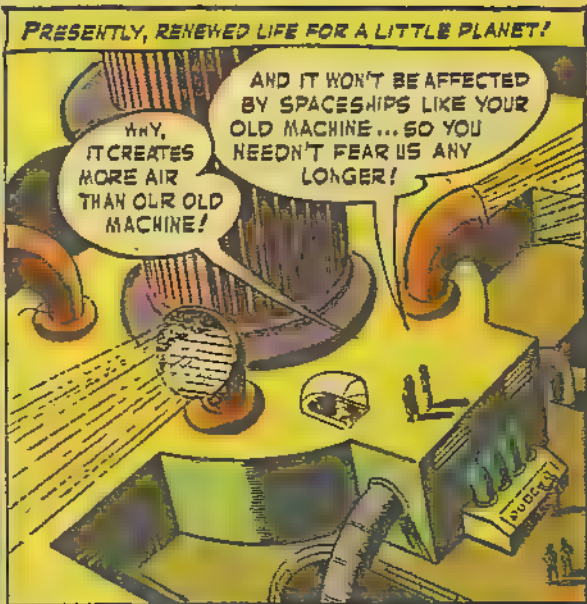
AND AS THE "REPAIR-MONKEYS"
SWING INTO ACTION...



MY...THEY WORK
SO SWIFTLY!

THESE BOYS
ALWAYS WORK
FAST... AND
THEY KNOW
THEIR JOBS!

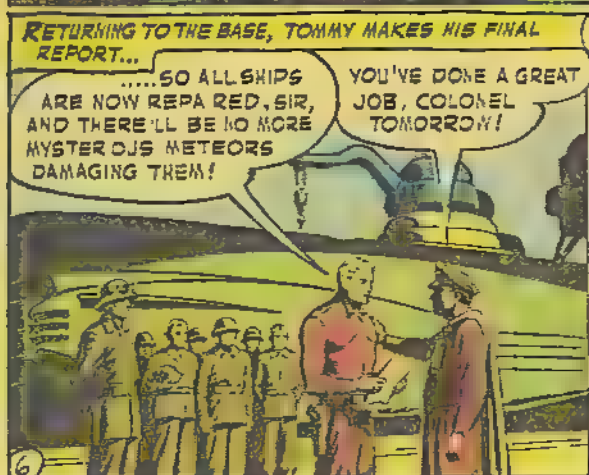
PRESENTLY, RENEWED LIFE FOR A LITTLE PLANET!



WHY,
IT CREATES
MORE AIR
THAN OUR OLD
MACHINE!

AND IT WON'T BE AFFECTED
BY SPACESHIPS LIKE YOUR
OLD MACHINE... SO YOU
NEEDN'T FEAR US ANY
LONGER!

RETURNING TO THE BASE, TOMMY MAKES HIS FINAL
REPORT...



.....SO ALL SHIPS
ARE NOW REPAIRED, SIR,
AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE
MYSTERIOUS METEORS
DAMAGING THEM!

YOU'VE DONE A GREAT
JOB, COLONEL
TOMORROW!

I DIDN'T DO IT, SIR... IT WAS
THE REPAIR-CREW! AND ANY
PILOT WHO CALLS THEM
"REPAIR MONKEYS" FROM
NOW ON, WILL HAVE TO
ANSWER TO ME!



ADVERTISEMENT



"Sorry, none for you James,
you flunked the Fingernail test!"



"Keeps hair well groomed
even if you have cow-licks!"



"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK THE FINGER-NAIL TEST. Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your appearance. Keep your hair neat and natural from morning till night with Wildroot Cream-Oil. More men use it than any other hair tonic! Get a bottle today!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC

NON-ALCOHOL
FORMULA
LAWSON

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES
LOOSE DANDRUFF



AS SMALL AS
29¢

CONGO BILL

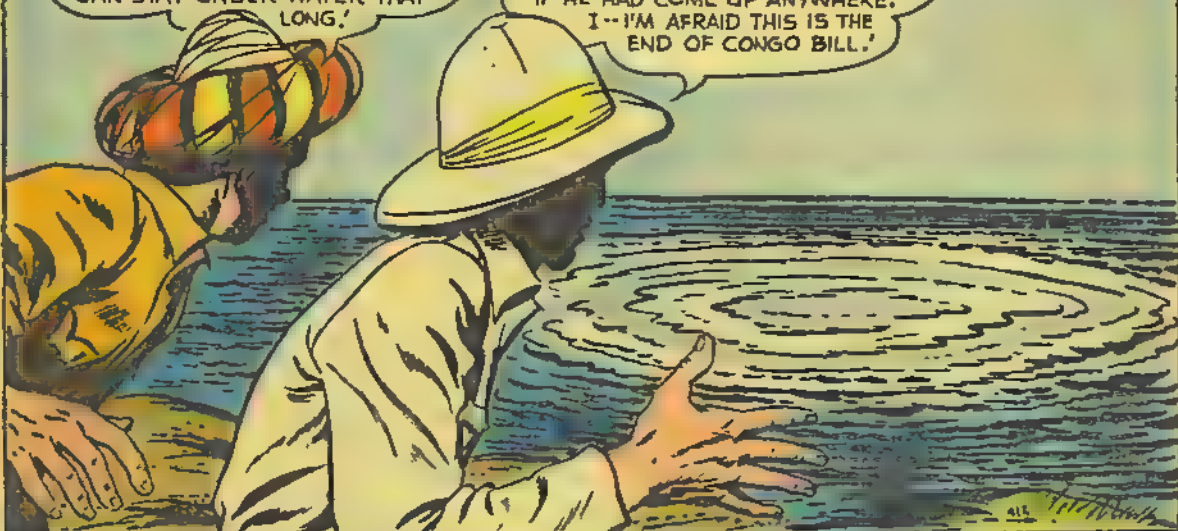
CAN YOU IMAGINE CONGO BILL, COURAGEOUS CONQUEROR OF COUNTLESS CRIMINALS, CONFESSING FAILURE ON A MISSION OF MYSTERY? CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM SCORING SECOND BEST IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE WITH DESPERATE BADMEN?

ALL THESE--AND OTHER PERILS, TOO--DO THE STEPS OF THE FAMED TROUBLE-SHOOTER, AS EVEN HIS FRIENDS GIVE HIM UP FOR LOST, IN THIS SUSPENSEFUL STORY OF...

"CONGO BILL'S LAST FIGHT!"

COMMISSIONER, HE DIVED IN OVER 10 MINUTES AGO! NO MAN CAN STAY UNDER WATER THAT LONG!

NO, AND WE WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM IF HE HAD COME UP ANYWHERE! I--I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE END OF CONGO BILL.



OFF THE NORTHERN COAST OF THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN, CONGO BILL NEARS THE CLIMAX OF A LONG PURSUIT...

CONGO BILL, THOSE HIJACKERS HAD TOO GOOD A START FOR US TO CATCH UP NOW!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE HEADING IN TO SHORE, AND SOON THOSE RIFLES THEY STOLE WILL BE CARTED OFF TO SOME INLAND HIDING PLACE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN STOP THEM NOW! OPEN FIRE--BUT SHOOT LOW SO ONLY THE CRAFT WILL SINK AND WE CAN RESCUE SURVIVORS!

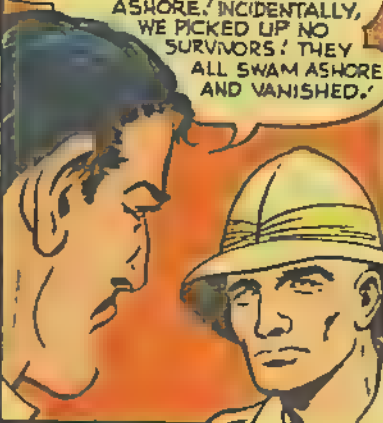


BOOM!

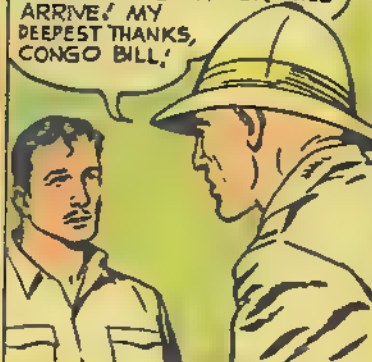


SOMETIME LATER, CONGO BILL REPORTS TO COMMISSIONER ALVIN BLAKE, OF THE SUDAN POLICE FORCE...

--SO I HAD TO ORDER THAT BOAT SUNK. IF I DIDN'T, THOSE RIFLES WOULD HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED ASHORE. INCIDENTALLY, WE PICKED UP NO SURVIVORS! THEY ALL SWAM ASHORE AND VANISHED.



LUCKY THAT YOU DID BLAST IT FROM THE WATER! THOSE RIFLES WERE EAR-MARKED FOR THE KANAZAKA GANG, WHICH WAS PLANNING AN ARMED REVOLT ON THE 15TH. SINKING THOSE GUNS WILL NOT ONLY UPSET THEIR SCHEDULE, BUT BY THE TIME THEY CAN GET OTHERS, THE EGYPTIAN DETACHMENT OF SOLDIERS I SENT FOR WILL ARRIVE! MY DEEPEST THANKS, CONGO BILL.



I'LL HAVE TO CONTACT MY OFFICE IN NORTH AFRICA TO SEND FOR DIVING EQUIPMENT TO BRING UP THOSE RIFLE CRATES! CAN YOU PUT ME UP FOR A WEEK OR SO?

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



BUT THREE DAYS LATER COMES DISQUIETING NEWS...

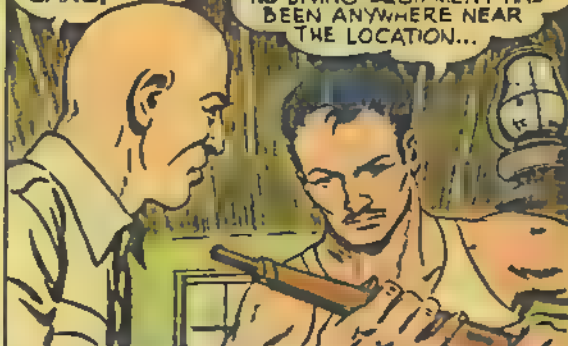
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS RIFLE, BILL! IS IT BY ANY CHANCE, PART OF THAT SUNKEN SHIPMENT?

IT CERTAINLY IS! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET IT?



IT WAS TAKEN FROM A MAN WE SUSPECT IS A MEMBER OF THE KANAZAKA GANG!

BUT HOW DID HE GET IT OUT OF THAT SUBMERGED HOLD? YOU'VE KEPT A 24-HOUR GUARD OVER THAT BEACH! NO DIVING EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR THE LOCATION...



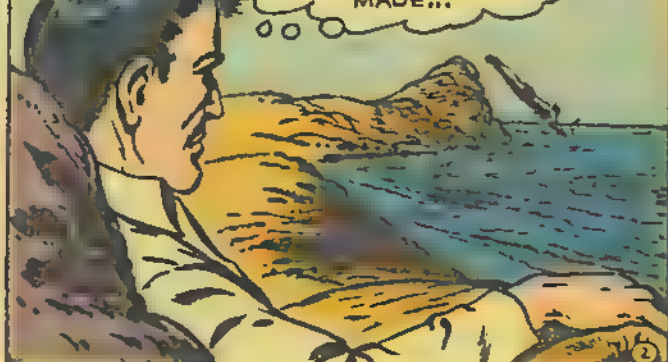
UNLESS IT'S POSSIBLE, SOMEONE TO BRING THOSE RIFLES UP WITHOUT DIVING GEAR! THEY'RE STILL EFFECTIVE BECAUSE THEY'RE WRAPPED IN TARPULIN.

NO, NO--THE DEPTH IS 50 FATHOMS--OVER 300 FEET! NO ONE COULD STAY DOWN SUCH A DEPTH FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS WITHOUT A HIGHLY-PRESSURIZED DIVING SUIT!

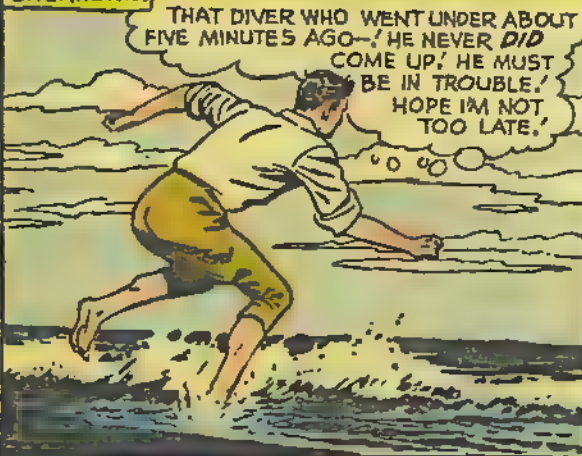


THAT AFTERNOON, AS HE PONDERES THE VEXING PROBLEM...

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW IT WAS DONE! THE RIFLES ARE IN SEALED CARTONS--IT TAKES TIME TO PRY THEM OPEN--AND WITHOUT A DIVING SUIT... MM, NICE DIVE THAT FELLOW MADE...

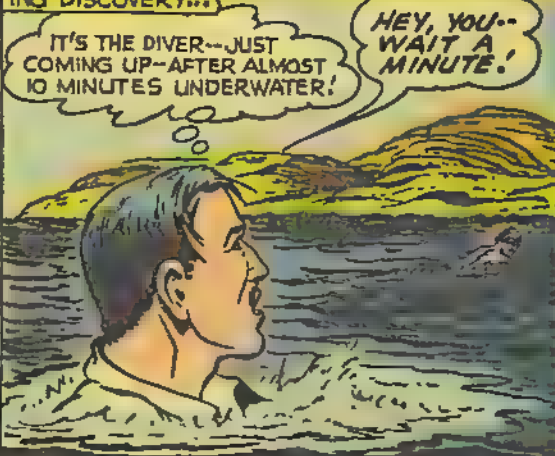


TRYING TO SOLVE THE BAFFLING PUZZLE, THE **ACE ADVENTURER** SUDDENLY BECOMES ALARMED BY ANOTHER SITUATION...



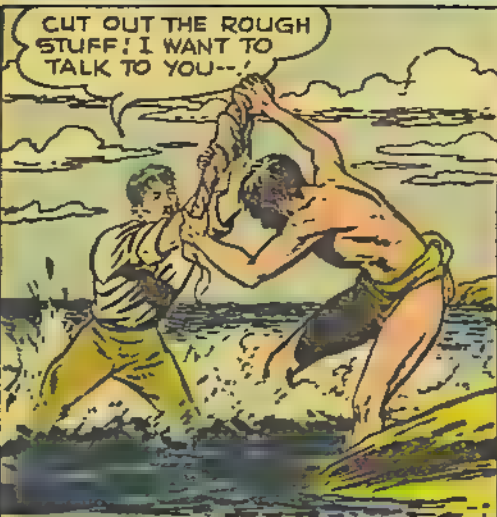
THAT DIVER WHO WENT UNDER ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO--! HE NEVER *DID* COME UP! HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

AFTER A HURRIED BUT VAIN UNDERWATER SEARCH, AS CONGO BILL SURFACES, HE MAKES A SURPRISING DISCOVERY...

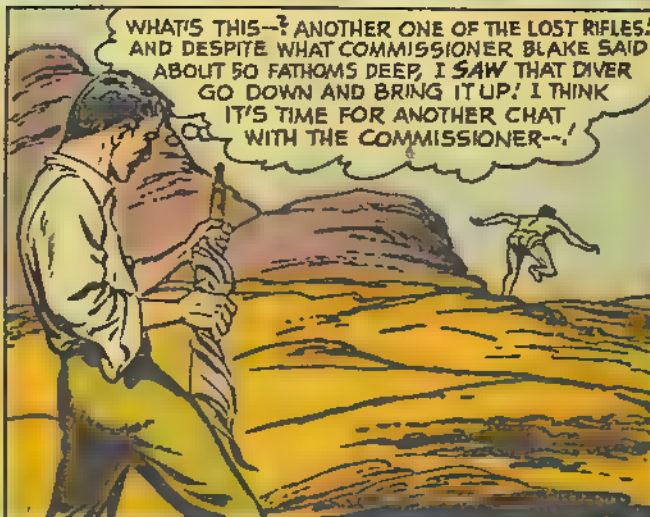


IT'S THE DIVER--JUST COMING UP--AFTER ALMOST 10 MINUTES UNDERWATER!

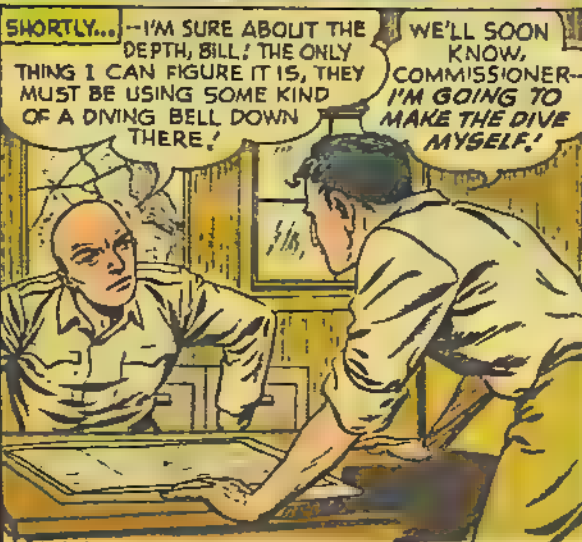
HEY, YOU-- WAIT A MINUTE!



CUT OUT THE ROUGH STUFF! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU--!

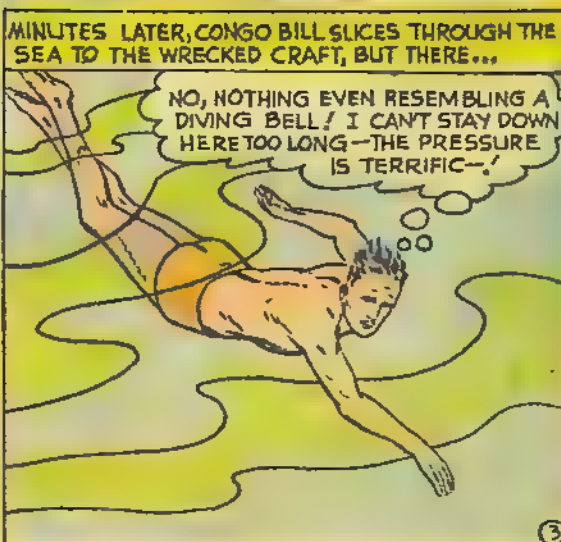


WHAT'S THIS--? ANOTHER ONE OF THE LOST RIFLES! AND DESPITE WHAT COMMISSIONER BLAKE SAID ABOUT 50 FATHOMS DEEP, I SAW THAT DIVER GO DOWN AND BRING IT UP! I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER CHAT WITH THE COMMISSIONER--!



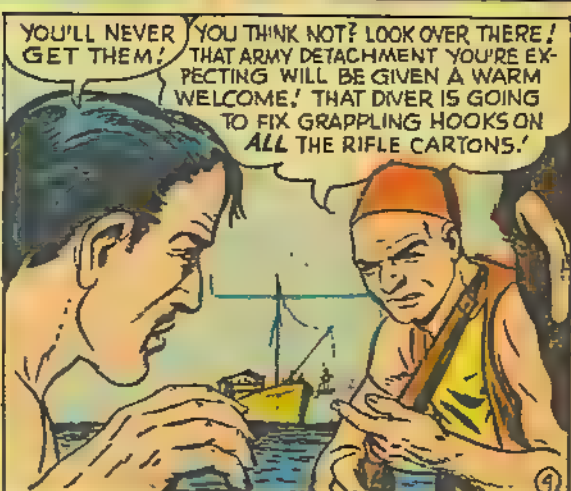
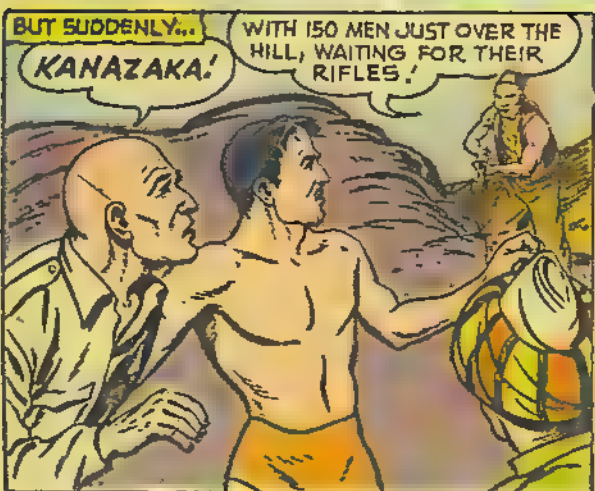
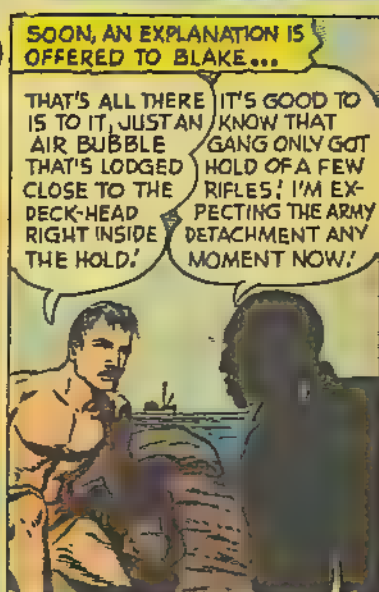
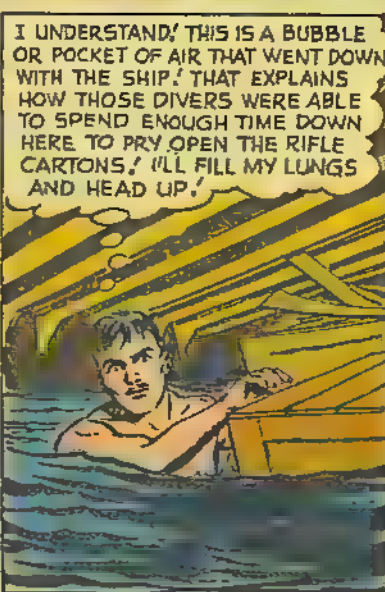
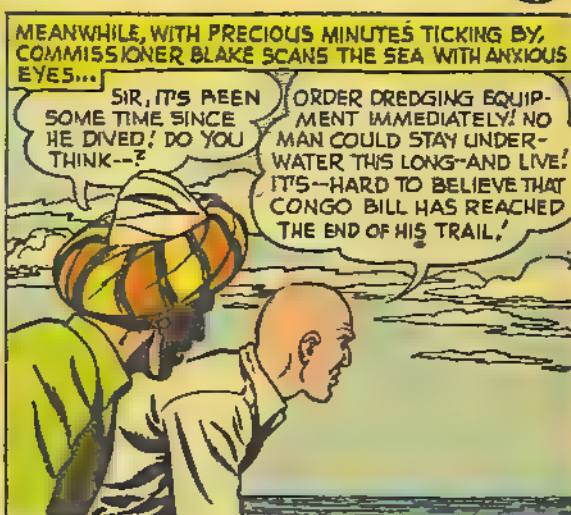
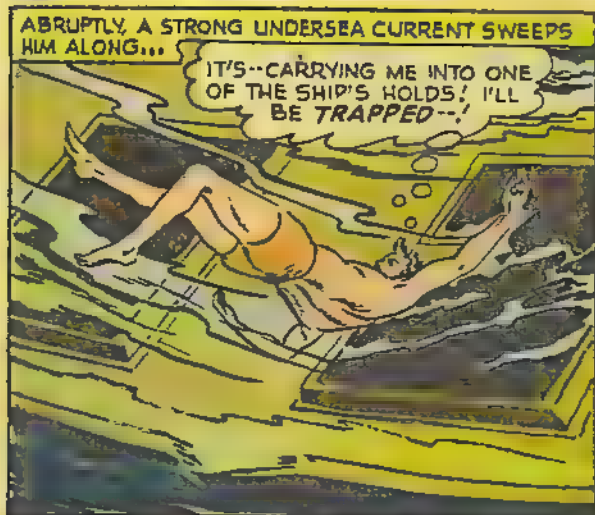
SHORTLY... --I'M SURE ABOUT THE DEPTH, BILL! THE ONLY THING I CAN FIGURE IT IS, THEY MUST BE USING SOME KIND OF A DIVING BELL DOWN THERE!

WE'LL SOON KNOW, COMMISSIONER-- I'M GOING TO MAKE THE DIVE MYSELF!



MINUTES LATER, CONGO BILL SLICES THROUGH THE SEA TO THE WRECKED CRAFT, BUT THERE...

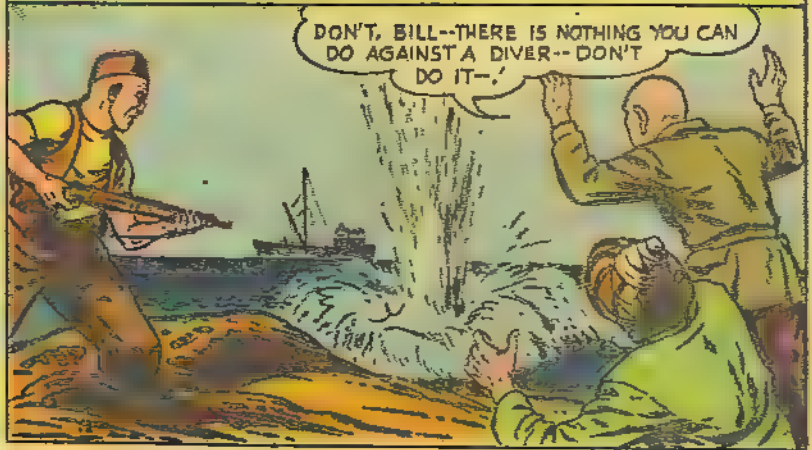
NO, NOTHING EVEN RESEMBLING A DIVING BELL! I CAN'T STAY DOWN HERE TOO LONG--THE PRESSURE IS TERRIFIC--!



I'VE GOT TO STALL FOR TIME, AND KEEP THOSE RIFLES AWAY FROM THAT GANG UNTIL THE TROOPS GET HERE! BUT HOW--?



THEN, WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS, HE MAKES A SURPRISING MOVE...

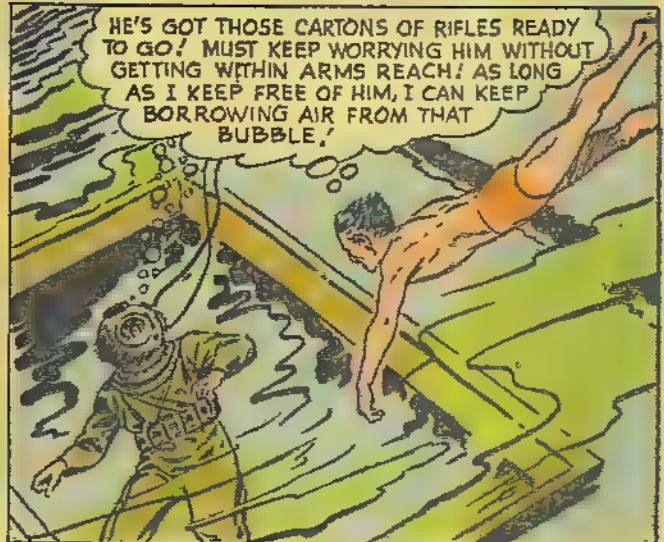


DON'T, BILL--THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO AGAINST A DIVER-- DON'T DO IT--!

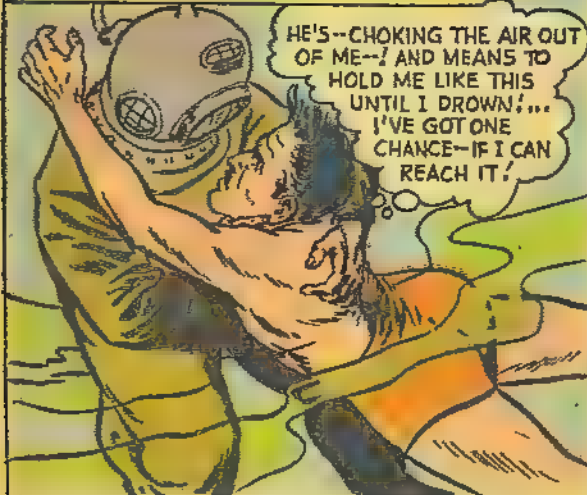
THAT FOOL! SINCE HE SEEMS SO ANXIOUS TO DIE, I'LL SIGNAL MY DIVER FROM THE BARGE TO ACCOMMODATE HIM. BUT FIRST, YOU TWO THROW YOUR ARMS INTO THE SEA-- QUICKLY!



HE'S GOT THOSE CARTONS OF RIFLES READY TO GO! MUST KEEP WORRYING HIM WITHOUT GETTING WITHIN ARMS REACH! AS LONG AS I KEEP FREE OF HIM, I CAN KEEP BORROWING AIR FROM THAT BUBBLE!

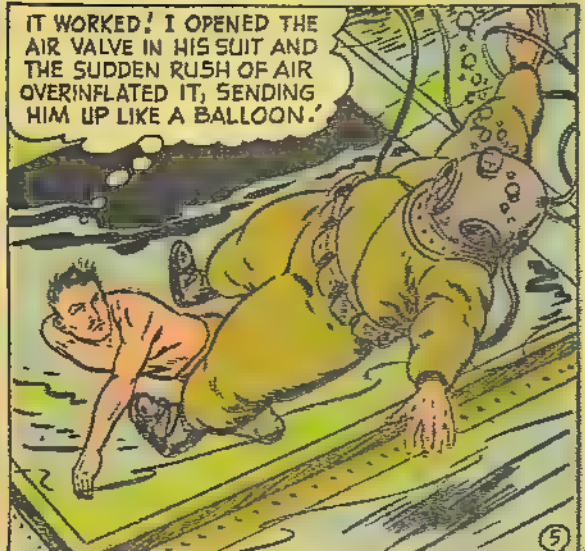


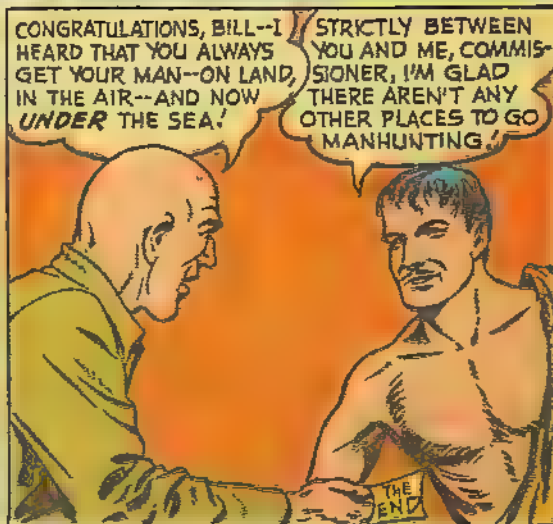
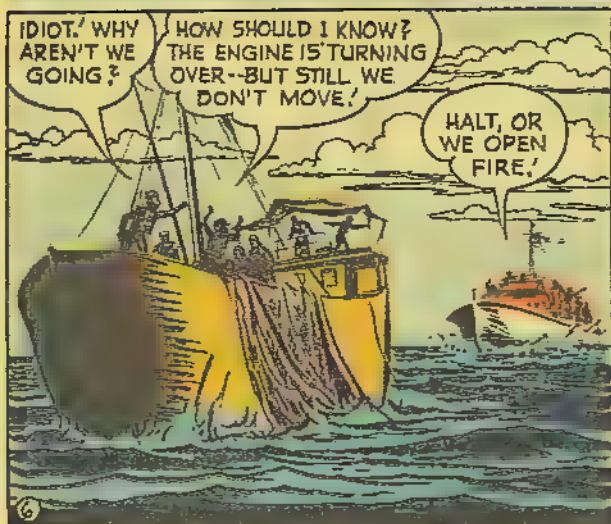
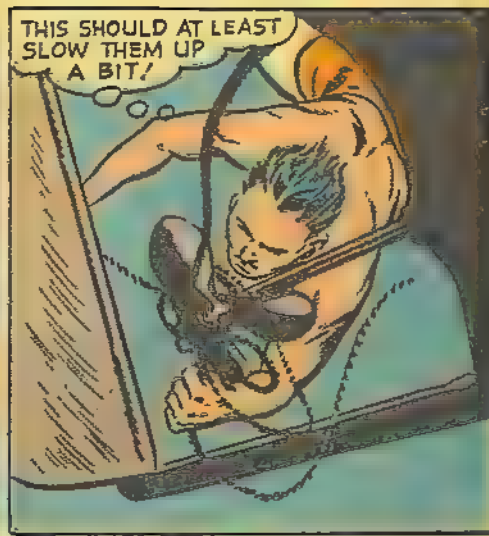
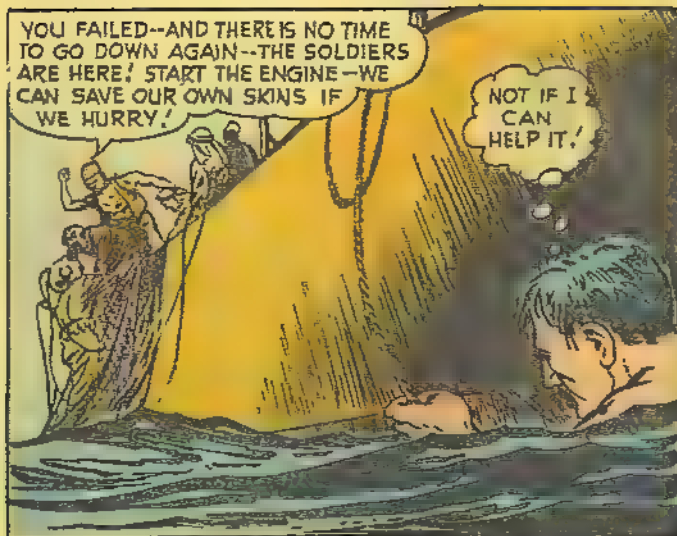
BUT AS THE DAREDEVIL VENTURES TOO CLOSE, HE IS SUDDENLY GRASPED IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP...



HE'S--CHOKING THE AIR OUT OF ME--! AND MEANS TO HOLD ME LIKE THIS UNTIL I DROWN!... I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE--IF I CAN REACH IT!

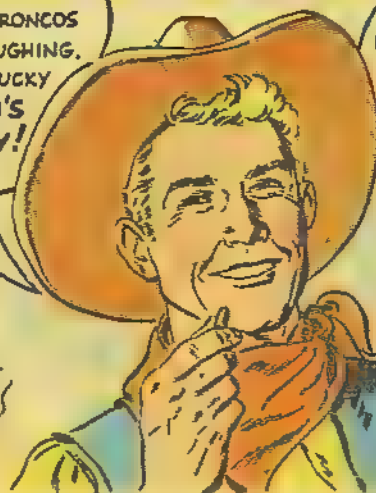
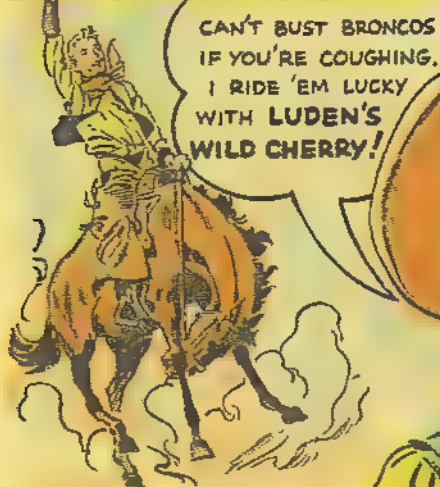
IT WORKED! I OPENED THE AIR VALVE IN HIS SUIT AND THE SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR OVERINFLATED IT, SENDING HIM UP LIKE A BALLOON!





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WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A *LUDEN'S* TIP...



LUDEN'S TASTE DANDY--YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE JUICY CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALLOWED TO EAT LUDEN'S IN SCHOOL



and still only 5¢

VIGILANTE

IT WAS A SCHOOL FOR CRIMINALS, WHERE OWLHOOT GANGS FROM ALL OVER THE WEST BID FOR THE BEST STUDENTS! VIGILANTE COULD HAVE STOPPED IT EASILY ENOUGH, BUT FINDING THE GANGSTER LEADERS WAS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER. THAT WAS WHY THE VALIANT MASKED LAWMAN ENROLLED TWO TRAINEES OF HIS OWN... AND PLAYED ALONG, FOR AWHILE, WITH THIS PRACTICE OF...

'OUTLAWS FOR SALE!'

GOLLY, VIG... OUR MEN ARE SURE GOING TO LOOK GOOD!

EASY, STUFF! DON'T HIT TOO MANY BULL'S-EYES... IT MIGHT CREATE SUSPICION!



ONE MORNING, HIGH IN THE WESTERN HILLS, THE VALIANT VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG PAL, STUFF, SURVEY A STRANGE SCENE...

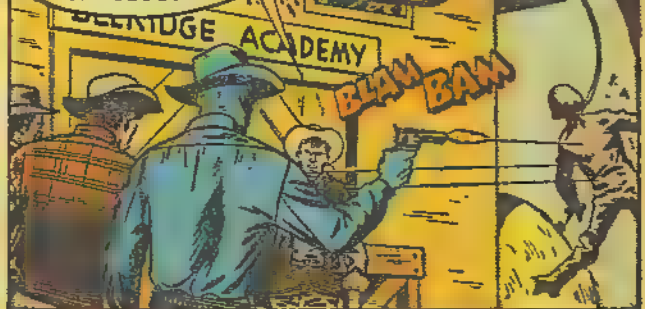
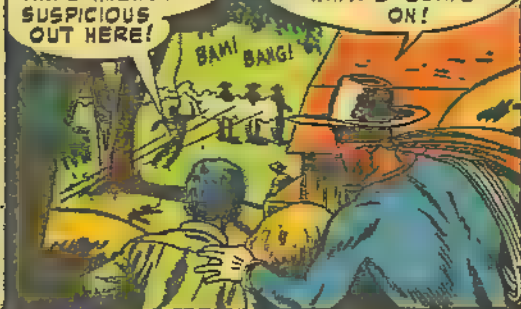
WOW, VIG! YOUR HUNCH TO TRAIL LOCK BELBRIDGE WAS SURE SHARP. HE IS UP TO SOME-THING MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS OUT HERE!

LOOKS LIKE A BIG TIME OPERATION, STUFF! WE'D BETTER TRY AND SLIP INTO THAT BARN BELOW... MAYBE WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON!

SHORTLY, AS THEY LISTEN...

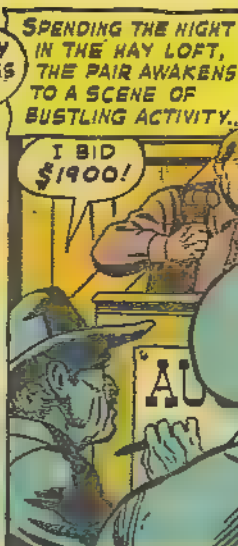
NO! NO! NO! YUH THINK THE TOP SYNDICATES WOULD BID A FLYIN' HOOT FOR SUCH SHOOTIN'? I SAID SHOOT TO 'CRIPPLE... NOT KILL! TRY IT AGAIN... AN' HIT THOSE ARMS AN' LEGS!

MY GOSH, VIG! A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR OWLHOOTS! LET'S MOVE IN!





NO, STUFF! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO LEARN WHO REALLY RUNS THE THREE BIGGEST GANGS IN THE WEST! WE'RE STICKING UNTIL WE ACTUALLY SEE THOSE TRAINEES AUCTIONED OFF!



SPENDING THE NIGHT IN THE HAY LOFT, THE PAIR AWAKENS TO A SCENE OF BUSTLING ACTIVITY...

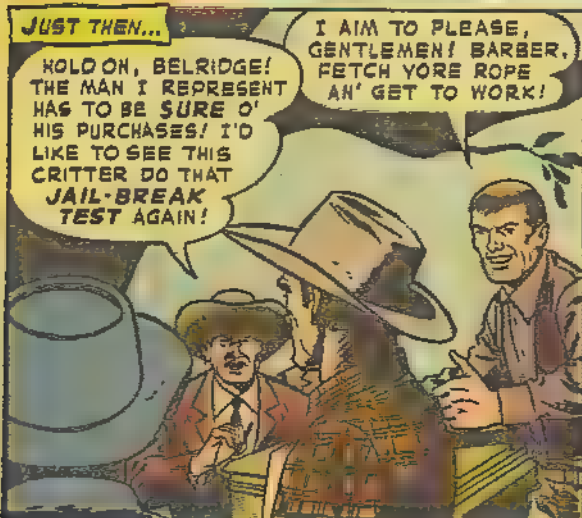
I BID \$1900!

\$1900! DO I HEAR \$2000 FOR THIS FIRST CLASS OUTLAW? GOIN' ONCE... GOIN' TWICE...



OUTLAW REPORT
RAPID FIRING... FAIR
SLOW FIRE... EXCELLENT
JAIL BREAKING... FAIR
HORSEMANSHIP... FAIR

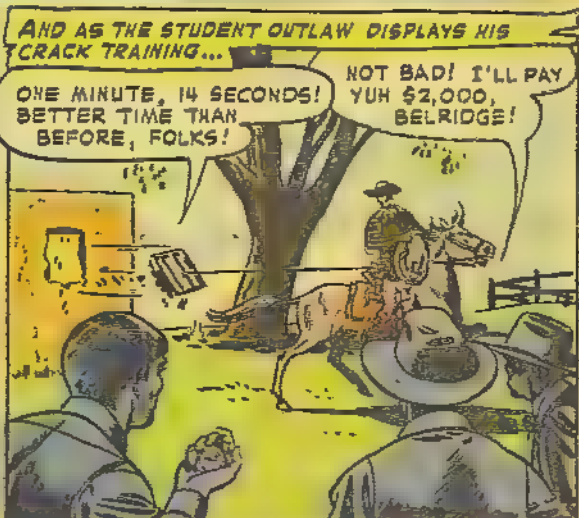
OUTLAW REPORT
RAPID FIRE... EXCEL
SLOW FIRE... EXCEL
JAIL BREAK... POOR
HORSEMANSHIP... FAIR



JUST THEN...

HOLD ON, BELBRIDGE! THE MAN I REPRESENT HAS TO BE SURE O' HIS PURCHASES! I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS CRITTER DO THAT JAIL-BREAK TEST AGAIN!

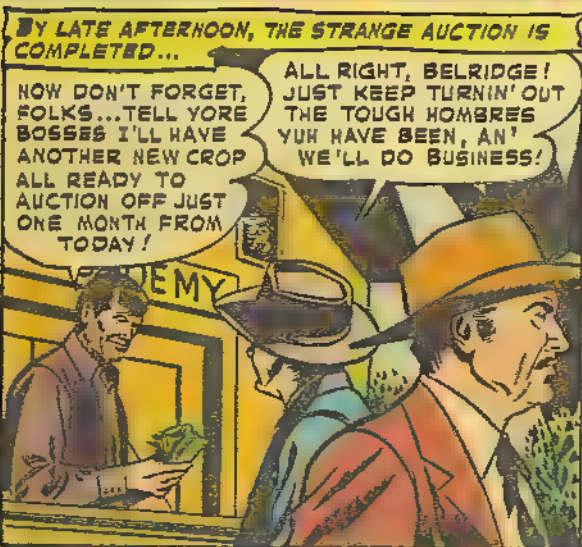
I AIM TO PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! BARBER, FETCH YORE ROPE AN' GET TO WORK!



AND AS THE STUDENT OUTLAW DISPLAYS HIS CRACK TRAINING...

ONE MINUTE, 14 SECONDS! BETTER TIME THAN BEFORE, FOLKS!

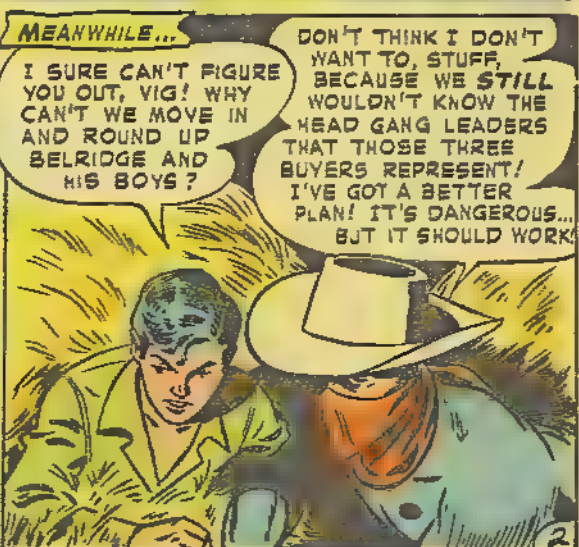
NOT BAD! I'LL PAY YUH \$2,000, BELBRIDGE!



BY LATE AFTERNOON, THE STRANGE AUCTION IS COMPLETED...

NOW DON'T FORGET, FOLKS...TELL YORE BOSSES I'LL HAVE ANOTHER NEW CROP ALL READY TO AUCTION OFF JUST ONE MONTH FROM TODAY!

ALL RIGHT, BELBRIDGE! JUST KEEP TURNIN' OUT THE TOUGH HOMEBRES YUH HAVE BEEN, AN' WE'LL DO BUSINESS!



MEANWHILE...

I SURE CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT, VIG! WHY CAN'T WE MOVE IN AND ROUND UP BELBRIDGE AND HIS BOYS?

DON'T THINK I DON'T WANT TO, STUFF, BECAUSE WE STILL WOULDN'T KNOW THE HEAD GANG LEADERS THAT THOSE THREE BUYERS REPRESENT! I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN! IT'S DANGEROUS... BUT IT SHOULD WORK!

NEXT DAY, TWO YOUTHFUL CITIZENS RECEIVE A VISIT FROM VIGILANTE...

Y-YOU WANT US TO HELP YOU ROUND UP SOME KINGPIN OUTLAWS? BUT JERRY AND I AREN'T SHARP-SHOOTING CRITTERS, VIGILANTE!

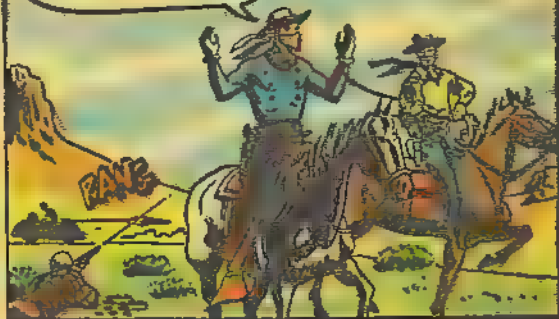
EXACTLY, LEN... AND BECAUSE OF THAT, BEL-RIDGE AND HIS GANG WON'T KNOW YOU! I WANT TO TRAIN YOU MEN TO WIN TOP HONORS AT HIS SCHOOL AND LEAD ME TO MEN WHO BUY THE STUDENTS!

TO ALL BUSES

SO, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE HILLS RING TO THE BARK OF VIGILANTE AS HE SEEKS TO HAMMER HIS YEARS OF SKILL INTO THE SINEWS OF THE PAIR...

YOU SPURRED YOUR PONY TOO HARD, JERRY! SHE WENT OFF-STRIDE AND CAUSED YOU TO OVERSHOOT! DO IT AGAIN AND TRY FOR BOTH ARMS!

RIGHT, VIG!



DAY BY DAY, THE TWO IMPROVE, BUT THERE ARE OTHER PROBLEMS...

GOSH, V.G... FACT OF THE MATTER IS I CAN'T PRACTICE THE WATER ESCAPE! I-I CAN'T SWIM!

WHA... THAT'S ONE HANDICAP THAT COULD HURT! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING TO MAKE UP FOR IT!

SOON...

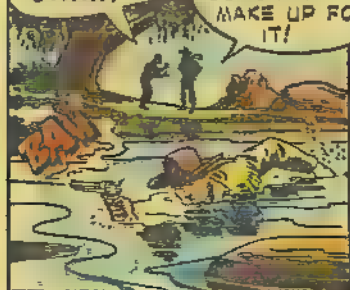
WOW! YOU TAUGHT THOSE TWO ALL THE TRICKS MIGHTY FAST, VIG!

THEY BOTH HAD NATURAL TALENT, STUFF! TONIGHT, I'LL GIVE THEM THEIR FINAL BRIEFING... AND TOMORROW, THEY'LL BE IN BEL-RIDGE'S HANDS!

THAT NIGHT...

THESE FAKE POSTERS, SHOWING YOU AS WANTED MEN, WILL HELP YOU GET ACCEPTED! REMEMBER, STUFF AND I WILL BE HIDDEN NEAR THE TEST SITE WAITING TO BOOST YOUR RECORDS UP, AND... JERRY, WHAT'S WRONG?

SORRY, VIG... EYES SMOKED UP! STRAINED 'EM WITH POOR READING GLASSES ONCE, AND SMOKE NEAR DRIVES ME CRAZY! BUT WE'RE ALL SET AND READY FOR ACTION!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

BARTLETT AND HIGGINS... TWO TOUGH COW POKES FROM DOWN BY THE BORDER, EN? THINK YUH CAN MAKE THE GRADE AT MY SCHOOL WHEN TEST DAY IS TOMORROW, DO YUH?

THAT'S RIGHT, FRIEND! WE'VE CUT OUT A HEAP O' TROUBLE BETWEEN HERE AND EL PASO! RECKON WE CAN OUTSHINE THESE SCRAWNY, NORTHERN DOGIE RASSLERS!

TALK IS CHEAP... BUT YOU'LL GET YORE CHANCE! THERE'S THE BUNK HOUSE OVER THERE! REST UP... TOMORROW, I'LL LET YUH START ON THE TWO-GUN RIDIN' TEST! FAIL THAT ONE AN' OUT YUH GO!

DON'T FRET, BEL-RIDGE... WE'RE GUNNIN' FOR TOP HONORS!



NEXT MORNING...

THE BOYS HAVE NUMBERS 4 AND 6. VIG... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE LINING UP FOR A RIDE UP THE COURSE!

GOOD... THOSE TARGETS MUST BE ARRANGED FOR FIRING FROM THE SADDLE! WE'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE THEM A HAND HERE!

PASS THE TARGETS AT A GALLOP. THREE HITS IS PASSING... ANYTHING LESS IS A FLUNK OUT! GET SET... GO!

BANG

AND AS THE ASPIRING STUDENTS THUNDER UP THE COURSE, VIGILANTE MOVES INTO ACTION!

I'LL HANDLE TARGET, 6, STUFF! DON'T PUT MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE SHOTS IN, OR IT WILL CREATE SUSPICION!

BAM

BAM

BAM

BAM

RIGHT, VIG! AT THIS RANGE, THAT'S HARD ENOUGH!

WHEN THE TEST IS COMPLETED...

GREAT SNAKES! THOSE NEW HOMBRES WEREN'T KIDDIN'! THEY ARE GOOD! EACH ONE OF 'EM GOT EIGHT SHOTS IN THE TARGET!

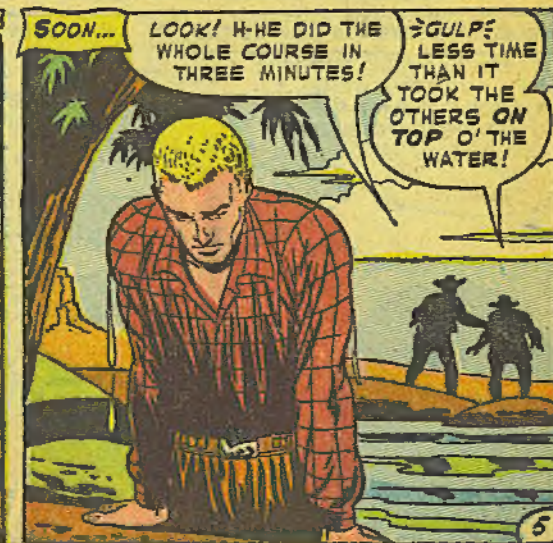
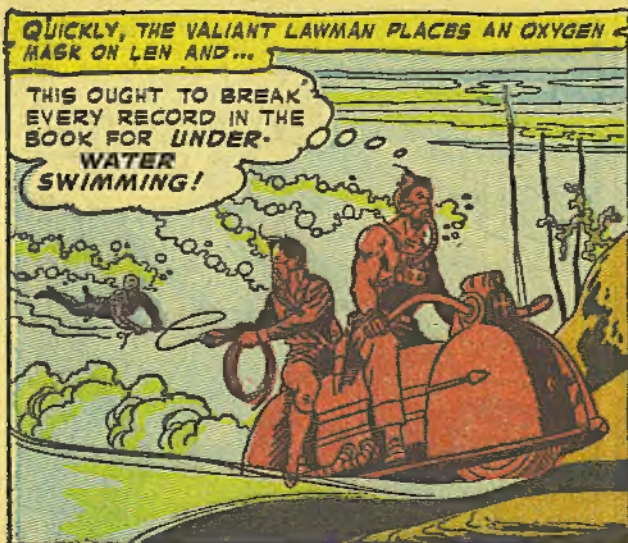
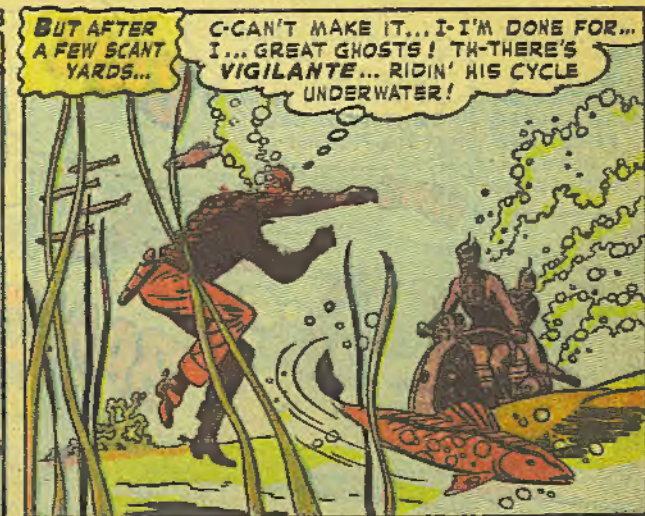
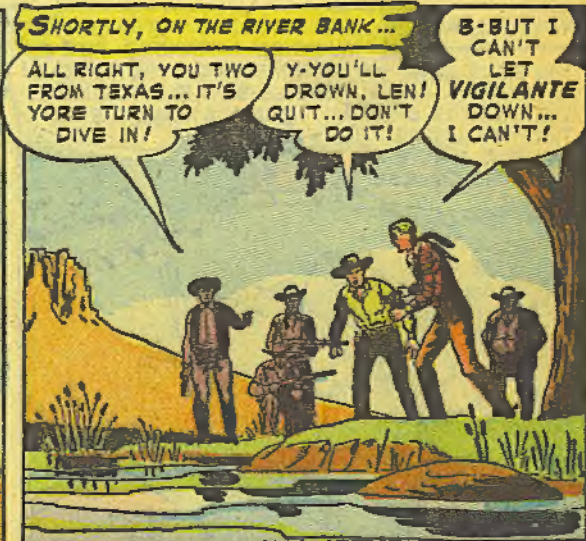
AN' NOBODY ELSE GOT MORE THAN FOUR! THE BOSS WILL LIKE THAT... BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE CRITTERS!

IN EACH EVENT, VIGILANTE'S TWO TRAINEES STAND OUT ABOVE THE REST, UNTIL...

EVERYBODY MOVE TO WREN RIVER FOR THE GUNFIRE CROSSING CONTEST!

THEY'RE SURE DOING GREAT, VIG. THEY KELD THEIR OWN IN THE BARRICADE JUMPING CONTEST!

GREAT SCOTT STUFF



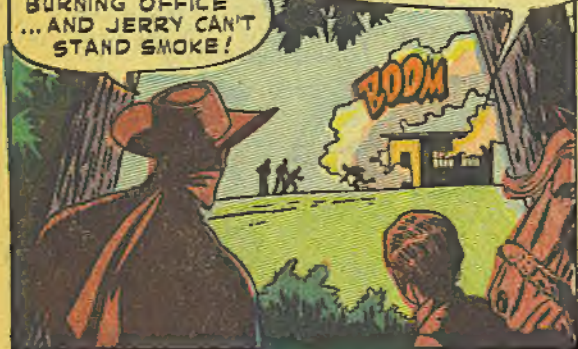
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE TESTS CONTINUE, AS VIGILANTE AND STUFF WATCH INTENTLY FROM CONCEALMENT, LENDING A HELPING HAND WHENEVER POSSIBLE...



BUT ON THE VERY LAST TRIAL, FAILURE THREATENS ONCE AGAIN!

GREAT HANNAH! THEY'RE STAGING A MOCK SAFE BLOWING IN A BURNING OFFICE ...AND JERRY CAN'T STAND SMOKE!

THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN HELP THIS TIME, VIG! THEY'D SPOT YOU IN A MINUTE IF YOU STEPPED OUT!



HOW WILL VIGILANTE SOLVE THIS ONE? MINUTES LATER, WHEN IT'S JERRY'S TURN TO "ROB THE SAFE"

I'M FINISHED FOR SURE NOW! I'LL NEVER SEE WELL ENOUGH TO DYNAMITE THAT SAFE AND GET BACK IN TIME!

HEY... SOMEBODY GRAB THAT LOOSE HORSE!



AND AS THE THICK SMOKE ENGULFS HIM ...

V-VIGILANTE! Y-YOU WERE CLINGIN' TO THE SIDE O' THAT HORSE SO NO ONE COULD SEE YUH!

QUIET, JERRY! JUST COVER YOUR EYES AND GIVE ME YOUR DYNAMITE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SAFE!



SOON AS I LIGHT THE FUSE, YOU TAKE OFF WHILE I SLIP OUT A WINDOW! THAT WAY, IT'LL LOOK AS IF YOU DID THIS JOB ALL BY YOURSELF!



MOMENTS LATER...

TWO MINUTES FLAT... ANOTHER RECORD! ALL RIGHT, YOU SADDLE TRAMPS! THAT ENDS THE TESTS! THIS WEEK'S TWO WINNERS WILL BE PICKED NOW!

WHEW! WHAT A TOUGH-SKINNED CRITTER VIGILANTE IS! SURE HOPE HE GOT AWAY SAFELY!

BOOM

VIGILANTE'S TWO "STUDENTS" ARE SOON SUMMONED TO THE OWLHOOT OFFICE, WHERE...

YOU HOMBRES WON, AN' THESE THREE MEN ARE BUYERS FOR THREE O' THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST OPERATORS! DO WHAT THEY SAY!

BARTLETT, YUH'RE HEADIN' NORTH WITH ME, TO BIFF LAMSON'S GANG IN BUTTE, MONTANA!

HIGGENS, BOSS HOBBS CAN USE YOU IN SANTA FE!

RECKON MY BOSS, ED BUTLER, IN CALIFORNIA, WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR HIS TOP MAN!

OKAY, JUST SO THE PAY'S GOOD! NOW WE'LL AMBLE ON AN' SEE YORE BOSSSES IN THEIR HOME TOWNS!

HOLD ON... OUR CHIEFS PROTECT THEIR INVESTMENTS, MISTER! WE GOTTA MAKE SURE YUH DON'T GET SHOT UP TILL THE BOSS WANTS IT! WE MOVE NOW... TOGETHER!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

THERE'S THE SIGNAL, VIG... THEY WON THE CONTEST AND KNOW THE NAMES OF THREE GANG CHIEFS!

RIGHT, STUFF... BUT OUR AGREEMENT WAS THAT THEY ATTEMPT TO LEAVE BY THEMSELVES, AT ONCE! THEY'RE BEING TAKEN BY FORCE! HANG ON... WE'RE BUSTIN' THIS SHOW UP PRONTO!

AND AS THE OWLHOOT'S CAR MOVES ONTO THE HIGHWAY...

VIG! OUR BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF!

NO. STUFF... GOING RIGHT THROUGH! THEY'VE GOT SPECIAL SEAL TUBES THAT DON'T PUNCTURE! WE CAN FIX THAT, TOO!

POW POW POW

LIKE A ROLLING ROCKET, THE VIG-CYCLE CAREENS UP TO THE SPEEDING CAR, AND...

GOT THE BRAKE HELD TIGHTLY, VIG! HURRY!

THAT DOES IT! OUR JET FLAMES MELTED THE RUBBER!

SKREEEE

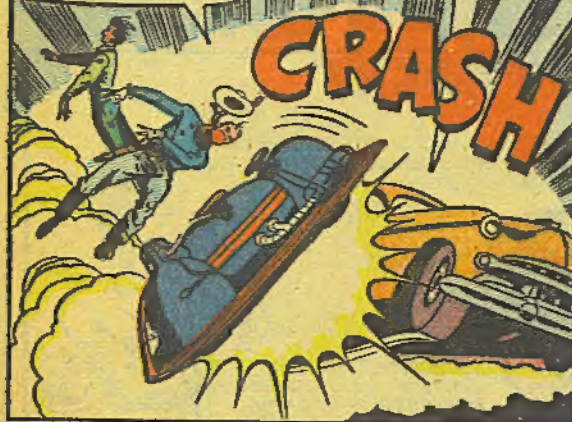
BLAM

BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE CRIPPLED CAR ROCKS CRAZILY TO A STOP...

YOW! I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS!

HA, HA... WE GOT 'EM, BOYS!

CRASH!



THEN, AS THE OUTLAWS MOVE TO FINISH OFF THE DAZED PAIR...

BOY, WE'LL GET A FAT BONUS FOR KILLIN' VIGILANTE!

C'MON... LET'S GET TO HIM BEFORE HE COMES TO!



BUT AN INSTANT LATER...

RECKON IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PUT VIGILANTE'S TEACHINGS TO A REAL TEST, EH, JERRY?

YEP! GUESS THE VIG'S CRIME BUSTIN' METHODS ARE PAYIN' HIM DIVIDENDS NOW!

H-HUH?



AND SO, AFTER THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

HOW'S THAT FOR HOGTYIN' THE OWLHOOTS, VIGILANTE?

I SURE AM PROUD OF YOU BOYS! IF YOU TWO HADN'T BEEN SUCH GOOD PUPILS, STUFF AND I WOULD BE PUSHING UP PRAIRIE WILLOWS NOW! COME ON... LET'S GET TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND HAVE THEIR RING LEADERS ROUNDED UP, NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!



The End

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